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Editor and Publisher.

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ARABIAN NIGHTS.

One of the most stupendous, as well as successful Yankee tricks on record, is that, by which the beautiful Sultaness, Scheherazade humbugged the savage Sultan, Schahriar. Somehow, the crochier had got into Schahriar's skull, that all women were faithless, and not to be trusted; and from the same skull sprang the original and brilliant idea, of marrying one of his subjects every day, and cutting off her head the next. This noble resolution he carried out, to the great terror of all the fathers and brothers in his kingdom. At last, a daughter of his grand vizier thought of the lucky expedient of amusing the monster by a series of stories. Those stories are renowned the world over; they have amused the great and small, the learned and unlearned; the old man and the young child. The invention of the writer was wonderful, though his stories were extravagant. Perhaps no series of stories was ever written, capable of pleasing such an infinite variety of tastes. Of the Genii, which form so conspicuous a part of the machinery, we find the following account:

The Genii or Ginn of the Arabs, is the same with the Div or Ginn of the Persians, the Dada of the Indians, and the Turks' Ginter, and signifies a genie demon, who has a body formed of a more subtle matter than those of men and like elementary fire. They are supposed to have been created and to have governed the world before Adam, and are divided into good and evil angels, and even giants, who, in early times, made war against men, but have since been confined to one region, denominated from them *Ginnistan*, the fairy land of our old romances. *Ginn ben Ginn* was the sovereign of these creatures, or of the *Peris* or fairies, who governed the world two thousand years; after which Elbis was sent by God to drive them into a distant part of the world, and there confine them, because of their rebellion. The shield of this prince is as famous as that of Achilles among the Greeks, and, like it, seven-fold and destructive of all enchantments, and was possessed by three successive Solomons, who performed with it marvelous but fabulous exploits, and fell at last into the hands of a hero named Tamurhat, surnamed *Diaband*, or the Conqueror of Giants.

Solomon, the son of David, is said by the eastern historians to have had not only men, but good and evil spirits, and birds and the winds, subjected to him by God; and been possessed of a ring of wonderful virtues, which seems to be nothing more than the extraordinary wisdom with which he was divinely endowed. All that we find in these writers about the marvelous actions and unrivaled empire of Solomon over men, and devils, is drawn from the Scripture account of the extraordinary wisdom, and virtues, and throne of this monarch.

Peri are those beautiful creatures which are neither men, angles, nor devils. Some have supposed them the female genies, but the *Peris* are of both sexes and are good beings; on whom the *Div* or genies frequently make war, and shut up their prisoners in cages suspended on the highest trees, where their companions come and feed them with the finest odours, which are their common food, and defend them from the *Div*, who feel a sudden change to melancholy as soon as they approach them.

A Glimpse of the Elephant.

WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL AND UNION.

BY ONE OF THE INITIATED.

(Continued.)

Opera flaut, or as Reuben said, the child was born, and its name was Anthony, or if the reader pleases to have both these phrases translated, the wain was securely anchored out, and the gentlemen concerned took up their line of march for the tent.

"Won't you come into camp, as the spider said to the gnat?" said Tyndall.

"We won't do nothing" stiffer, answered our hero, and turning around in the same breath, he added, "Injuns, Injuns boys, by the holy mackerel; (his favorite attestation) turn out boys, turn out!"

Then was there gathering in hot haste the deadly rifle and the harmless powder horn, the latter an implement which is like the trumpet of Phœbus, not dangerous in itself, but it fills others with the seeds of flame and death. And they mustered right gallantly, determined to defend themselves to the last, all save Sykesey, who having effected a breach in the rear of the tent with his sheath-knife, unceremoniously decamped, and started off over the hills and far away, after the fashion of Gilpin Horner.

"Where are they Reuben, my son, we've a fair prospect of a little amusement—our laurels will be green when we win them. Give us a sight of the enemy, though," said Tyndall, who really seemed to long for the contest, as did Chaloner.

Not so our hero, who had little of the Spartan about him, and I can vouch for his disinclination to have the pomp and pride and circumstance of glorious war exhibited before his precious grey eyes, himself, albeit, an actor elect. As to Flint, that light of old solid wisdom, he took the matter very coolly, for after pouring a quart of water out of his yagor barrel, he sat down by the sickly fire, alone adverted to, and commenced to wipe out his pipe.

"What art they? By the lamp that lighted Moses" replied our hero to Tyndall's question. "Look right over you pint, don't you see em?" and sure enough, there was one solitary, wet, bedraggled and unfortunate Potawatomi, struggling into camp.

This visitor was superbly arrayed in an old brown jeans coat, sans other apparel, and presented a tout ensemble lachrymose, in the extreme; a second Knight of the sorrowful figure. But he was not totally destitute of other clothing, since he walked up and sat himself by the fire familiarly, and pulled out of the bosom of his coat a deplorable pair of umenagables, and a pair of yarn stockings, one of which, to decide from the premises, had, in all probability, descended from time whereof the

memory of man runneth not to the contrary, whilst its mate was yet in an unfledged state, being rolled up on the needles. A simultaneous shout from Tyndall and Chaloner, and a discharge of their pieces saluted his august advent, the distant report of which reaching the itinerant person, caused him to flee from the wrath to come with renewed terror.

The rain had now ceased, and preparations for supper went on briskly; the Indian expressing his satisfaction by heartfelt grunts. Presently he drew forth his pipe and a roll of tobacco, out of which last treasure he wrung abundance of water, and then began to smoke. As he puffed the white smoke from his face, he uttered words to the effect, "well I'll be d—d old fellow, if that ain't right o'ly enjoyment now!" Supper was cooked and eaten, the red man of the wilderness coming in for a lion's share of the good things of this life. He stowed away the bacon in a manner that would have frightened Lady Bountiful, and as to eating two loaves of bread, he proved himself equal to the task, he could do it and not half try. His gastronomic powers were a long chalk in advance of those of Robbin O'Bobbins, the famous voracious champion of merry old England. The feast was over; not in Brankome's tower, but in Reuben's camp, and Tyndall rising, theatrically exclaimed,

Let the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind—
pointing to his guest, who sat as solidly and symmetrically, though not so classically, as the Apollo Belvidere.

Fearing, as well they might, that some scientific exemplification of the art of rogues might be practiced upon them during the night, from the suspected vicinity of an Indian village, and Indians are graduates in the noble art of thieving, they resolved that a guard was become indispensable, straws were drawn and the third relief fell upon our hero. The sentry was posted, the Indian, guiltless of the luxury of bed-clothes, curled himself up on the ashes, and under the fire as he could conveniently, and our illustrious and magnanimous adventurer retired to the shades that is to say oblivious to all the ills to which mortality is heir, hard rains and green willow brush fire included, they sank willing captives to slumber, in full enjoyment of the cold comforts of wet blankets, a damp roosting place, and heavy flapping tent sheets. About midnight the redoubtable Waller having recovered from his unfortunate panic, crept into camp and enveloped his lovely person in his virtuous blankets.

When Flint awoke our hero at 2 A. M., the last traces of the clouds had vanished, and the moon shone clearly and brightly.

A troublesome duty was this of Mr. Flint's to awaken our hero. Reuben was peculiarly difficult to arouse, but now the distorted features of his dreams impressed it most forcibly that said Flint was no less a personage than a Pawnee warrior, of the most bloodily minded stamp, intent upon the fiendish purpose of lifting his wool. Inspired by this ingenious theory, when the disciple of sages knelt by his side and grasped his face by its protuberant handle, hoping by twisting thereof to arouse our gallant friend, Reuben remembering to have seen barbers take their customers by the nose, thought no less than that this was but the prelude to the shaving of his cranium, hair, hide and all. But not being at all disposed to part with his top-knot tacitly, he opened a masked battery on his invader, and seizing him by the ears, he commenced to kick and cuff him with a hearty good will, and if possible, still greater execution. But the philosopher merely said, "good Lord deliver us Reuben, but you hurt."

"I mean to hurt," was that gentleman's reply, issuing from his tightly compressed teeth, so that the sage was compelled, in obedience to the law of self-preservation, that first great ordinance of nature to assume a beligerent attitude, and aiming they pummeled each other heartily, much to the edification of Tyndall, the terror of Sykesey, and their own discomfort. Finally with unfeigned reluctance, Mr. Appleface shouldered his musket, and mounted his post of honor.

For two days after the events last narrated, our notable company, journeyed on without occurrence worthy to be related in these venerable pages. And the star of empire takes its course, and foremost in the van of the march of civilization brightly blazed the star of our compatriots.

By the way, what a particularly brisk age is this, a go ahead era, truly and verily, a stirring generation. We are all pilgrims, and all footing it for Utopia, each palmer leaning on his own crutch, (or more properly crochier) but I fear the cap and bells would suit some of us better than the peaked hat and cockle of the middle ages. Beyond a doubt the schoolmaster is abroad. We have the march of mind, of refinement, of intellect, of improvement and Lord knows what else beside; the world is ever march, march away; marchings, trainings, no halting, no reviewing, but often no little counter-marching. But in all the eternal progress of society this unwearied march of intellect, the sole wonder remains that the stirring and marching mind of our vain glorious epoch, does not stir too deep and stick in a bog or marsh off its legs at last. Wherefore cast aside that heaven, conservatism, which seeks to preserve and improve upon the treasured wisdom of by gone ages, the practical experience of men peradventure as wise as any of our times. In our marches shall we entirely lose sight of our ancient landmarks?—were it not better to build upon the foundations which we find laid for us, than to build our baseless structures upon the sand?

Were it not better that the innovators which now so flourish, best though they be, with remarkably progressive minds, pause ere they tear away all the venerable and time honored creations of our ancestors; those institutions, many of them so beautiful in conception and so accurate in proportion, lest by removing the sustaining pillars like the strong man of yore, they pull the temple down about their ears, and they be crushed in the ruin? Because the vine requires pruning shall the axe be laid at the foot of the tree and the hyssop be planted in its stead?

But ye waters of Hippocrene! how far have I wandered in pursuit of that subtle and deluding intellect, marobing intellect, whereas perchance I could have got Appleface and Co. along quite as well without it. But a truce to digressions, past, present and to come.

CHAPTER V.
An agreeable argument unpleasantly interrupted by a melancholy scene.

On the third morn after the notable adventures last related, Tyndall and Chaloner having dispatched forward the team in charge of Flint, and escorted by Sykesey, were detained for a few moments. Then mounting their steeds they began their daily pilgrimage in high spirits, and ever and anon Tyndall pealed forth a strain of merry, ringing laughter at some of his own, quaint conceits, which even caused the more demure Harry Chaloner to smile.

"Harry," said the former, "don't you think I am a resuscitation of Theodore Hook, a most charming and witty young gentleman, the especial favorite of Comus?"

"Aye, a witty young gentleman, truly," replied Chaloner; "no, George, the Attic sat is not yours; you are not gifted with the wand of the god of mirth, but any sort of wit is palatable just now, and even yours may pass muster!"

"Well then, if you will have it so," responded the other, "I am the veriest boob alive; rusticus es Corydon," I bear in my escutcheon, by the tail of the prophet's mule, as the Mahometans say, I lay no claim to the shafts of wit, like the noble poet, the artless Helicon, I boast is youth, and because I happen to be young and inexperienced, must my jaw be stopt from wagging."

"Faith, the man that performed this last feat would have a Siphonian lack of it, but his office would be no sinecure," answered Chaloner.

"My honest friend," quoth George, "let me appeal to your good judgment, which for the sake of argument, will allow to be excellent, though even that I might well controvert. I confess, if so disposed, now don't you think it is better to take the goods the gods provide; to live and enjoy life; to smooth over the rugged asperities of the way, which, for our sins, Lordkens are enough, with the lubricating oil of mirth, than to potter along, as you do, moping like an owl."

"Ah my fidus Achates" returned Chaloner, "did you ever read one of Merriek's fables entitled the owl and the sparrow? now I will most willingly acknowledge my resemblance to that emblem of wisdom, the chosen bird of Minerva, but I seriously fear I can discover the portraiture of your own honored self, George, in the connected conceit of the sparrow."

"You are pleased to be severe," rejoined Tyndall, "fortunately the darts of some people, even though dipped in their own gallish venom, the worst of all poisons, usually fall harmless."

"Say, rather," the other retorted, "that there are certain good folk of whom I wot in this wicked world of ours, so fully protected by a mantle of gross ignorance, that the blows of wit are disarmed and the shafts of satire are blunted, like the arrows shot at the hide of a rhinoceros; it is hard to hurt a turtle by thumping him on the back."

"Well, Henry," responded Tyndall, scratching his amber locks, as if raking up ideas, "you have compared me to a tortoise; I can but liken you to a porcupine; no one can touch you without feeling the prick of your quills; you should steal for your motto, *nemo me impune lacessit*." And saying this, he put spurs to his mule, that apple of his eye, and chosen one of his heart, and actually succeeded in forcing her into an awkward, ungainly trot, a performance his Euryalus sedulously imitated. Quere—Did Nisus and his friend ever quarrel about each other's wits?

As they trotted along, they noticed a man lying by the roadside in the grass, and his horse feeding near him in the luxuriant pasture of the spring time. He endeavored to speak to them, but they could not distinguish what he said, and supposing it of no consequence, they passed on.

"They had not, however, proceeded more than twenty rods, ere Tyndall said—
"Harry, that poor devil may be sick. Hal! we'll better turn back and see what it was he wanted, any how?"

"Well, we can turn back," Chaloner replied, "though I presume it will be lost time."

They turned about and rode to where the man lay.

"Are you not well, sir?" George inquired, he made no reply, and Chaloner, dismounting, approached him—he was dead!

Alone in the far open prairie, deserted by his comrades, and his very last moments embittered by the apparent heartlessness of his race, had he died. Far, far from his friends, from the bosom of home, from the friends who may have loved him, lured by the tiniselled dreams of Fortune, in a distant region had he wandered, to strive, to struggle, and to die. To struggle with pains, and toils, and hardships, and watchings, and sufferings; to die alone, friendless, forgotten or forsaken; to lay his bones by the wayside to enrich the soil of the prairie valley. No fond breast on which the parting soul might rely; no pious drops to close his glazing eyelids; no loved one to bend over him and soothe his latest hours; no kind hand to wipe the sweat of death from his forehead, and to moisten his parching lips; no one to smooth down his rugged pillow or to weep o'er his lowly couch of death. He was dead!—the heavings of his breast forever stilled—the clankings of his spirit forever darkened by the iron hand of death; the golden phantoms which had led him forth, forever curbed by the icy portals of eternity. His bed of death, the damp verdure of the prairie; the only fanning of his fevered brow, the tremulous breeze, which floated mildly over the leasde; the only watching one beside his last humble scene of existence, his horse, which grazed around his corpse, unconscious of his master's fate. He was dead!—and strangers stood beside his inanimate form, and speculated as to his being. Perchance that marble rove on which were yet traced the frownings of his last gasping agony, was once the dome of lofty thought—the lordly seat of giant reason's proud dominion—the home of daring conceptions—of brilliant fancies. But if so, those mighty thoughts were fled forever, and reason's sceptre broken; no more—the errant flights of imagination temptatorially restrained. Or haply he had been the brightest ornament of society, and friends

had hung about him and flattery's sycen voice had sounded in his ear, or dearer ties had bound him to earth, and fond beings had watched over him, and prayers had ascended pure and anxious for his safety and those to whom he was dear were even then following him in spirit upon his journey. But life was gone.

"For him no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,
No child can run to lip their sire's return,
Or climb his knee, the eager kiss to share."

Tyndall immediately pushed forward to overtake the wagon, while his comrade remained to notice the lowly bed and rugged pillow of the dead man. George spurred on rapidly and soon reached the team.

"Halloo! what the hell's the matter, Tyndall? You look as if forty devils, at the least calculation, were hard after you," was Sykesey's salutation.

George was tempted to say—"Or as you did when you ran away from the Potawatomi," for the words of the preacher had harshly and jarringly upon his ear; but he only replied, "There's a poor fellow dead a little way back, and I want the spades, that we may bury him."

"Let the dead bury the dead," the parson devoutly exclaimed, "and you come along. As for that fool, Chaloner, let him flunker. He'll come up about feedin' time, I reckon."

But Tyndall rewarded him with a withering glance, and merely said, "You diabolical wretch, are you entirely heartless?" and receiving the implements he desired, from Reuben, he galloped quickly back to the spot where he had left his companion.

They dug a shallow, narrow grave, and laid the body of him that had gone, in its straitened portals, and heaped the damp, cold clods of the valley upon his bosom, encircled in his blanket alone, and a picket pin his solitary monument. They laid him there, upon the summit of a low, soft, swelling knoll, exposed to the scorching droughts of summer and the howling, chilly winds of winter, where the Maytide anemone blushes around his humble resting place—where the prairie rose expands her beautiful blossoms, bending lonely and gracefully above his head, and where the autumnal gales heap the dry grass up about his tomb. When their melancholy labor was ended, Chaloner drew forth a ring—a plain and unadorned, but massive gold ring, and inscribed on the inner circle was—
"A token of my love; without end and without alloy;" a ring which had been suspended around the neck and next the heart of the dead man; and the sight of which, even in the death throes, had perhaps called back his wandering thoughts to some loved being far, far away. He gave it to Tyndall, and a piece of paper inscribed with a few illegible tracings of the pencil, and the two mounting their mules and leading the horse of the dead man, they rode slowly down the road.

As they went along in melancholy guise, sombre thoughts weighed heavily in the breast of Chaloner, and Tyndall's usually joyous spirit was checked in its out-pourings by saddened sensations awakened by the melancholy scene he had so lately witnessed. There was no more bantering, but they were silent, or their detached conversation received a mournful tinge from the feelings they cherished. The road was long, and they proceeded at slow gait until the shades of evening again darkened the horizon, and the pale lustre of the moon fell coldly on the earth. Tyndall now broke the moody silence which had for some time subsisted, by repeating those beautiful lines of Whittier:

"Night was down amid the mountains,
In deep and quiet manner,
Where Bethulia's silver fountains,
Gushed beneath the Assyrian's banner.
Moonlight o'er her meek dominions,
As a mighty flag unfurled,
Like an angel's snowy pinions,
Resting on a darkened world."

"What a beautiful, beautiful evening!" said Chaloner, "and admirably the poet, in those simple breathing words pictured the serenity of quiet nightfall."

Nox eret, et in cruce, fulget Luna serena
Inter minora sidera

But the glimmerings of the camp-fire began to be visible, twinkling far off with ruddy light, and soon the wanderers were in the midst of their companions, as tired and hungry as mortals well may be.

"Whose nag is this here 'un?" Sykesey enquired anxiously.

"It belonged to the man whom we buried," Tyndall answered.

"Well, you get well paid for your trouble," remarked the disinterested curator of souls, and he continued, "as old Boney's giffin' white about the gills, and looks as if he'd peg out already, I reckon I'll fall heir to him."

"I reckon you will do no such thing," interposed Chaloner; "I will deliver the horse to the man's friends, if possible—if not, he shall belong to the mess."

CHAPTER VI.
In which is discoursed touching Reuben's involuntary abductions, with divers et ceteras.

Thrice happy, thrice fortunate were the day and the hour when first our never-to-be-forgotten hero, the felicitous Appleface, was induced to abandon his dirty paternal acres and to cast himself upon the illimitable ocean of human life.

To that auspicious moment am I indebted for a hero, and you, O most gentle reader, for these prosaic pages. Would that that truly memorable personage, Reuben Appleface of beatific memory, might have found a biographer worthy his glorious actions. Then, while admiring millions sounded the anthem of his praise, the gay goose might still have maintained her spreading wing untroubled, to form my pen—that mighty instrument of little men, and I have remained in my wonted and deserved obscurity.

Then might reams of foolscap have been yet unsullied, and gallons of ink unwasted. But *Paracelsus*, and I was decreed a scribbler.

But to proceed with the argument of my Epic, for my hero is worthy to be thus sung though the bard's notes be hoarse and cracking, and my lyre be out of tune most dismally.

Next morning, the ordinary round of duty, to wit, turning out, cooking breakfast, and the same forthwith devouring, was performed in a creditable manner, the latter clause especially, was executed with wonderful devotion to hard duty. The day was wet and showery, and as Tyndall said, "it was like pulling teeth to keep a hustling, and he swore by the toenail of Saint Bartholomew, that it was uncommonly hard on the American people."

About 4 P. M., they encamped on the margin of a little creek, and staking out their cavaliers, they set amain about the great business of life, preparing creature comforts for its maintenance. Whilst these movements were progressing, an elderly gentleman, dressed in drab beaver, approached them, and bowing profoundly, smiling, and waving his fleshless hand, he addressed them in the following language:

(To be continued.)

From "Blackwood's Magazine."

Cannibalism in New Zealand.

The history of New Zealand, however, places on record the fact of a people indulging in systematic cannibalism, accompanied in recent times with the interesting fact, that the systematic cannibal has been found capable of a high civilization. Cooke took pains to prove the existence of the practice, both by inquiry and experiment. Not content with turning over the remains of cannibal feasts, he got a new Zealand boy to exhibit the propensity on his own deck. The many notices and statements which other travellers have preserved are but a general acknowledgment of what Cooke so distinctly proved. But it is in a now forgotten book called "A Narrative of a Nine Months' residence in New Zealand in 1827, by Augustus Earle," that we find the most sufficient, clear, unvarnished narrative of such a banquet. Mr. Earle was an artist, and a wanderer in several unfrequented countries. Although he had thus many things to relate, which could only be taken at his own word, his unquestioned character for truthfulness obtained credence for them. The cannibal feast of which he gives a minute description—two minutes to be pleasant—took place on the body of a female slave, killed under circumstances which, in this country, and without looking on the act as merely supplying the market with butcher-meat, we would consider gross treachery. We shall spare our readers the more minute parts of the description, which, in their intense truthfulness, are really an unpleasant piece of reading. But we are desirous to resuscitate a portion of the account which shows the spirit in which the perpetrators acted—a spirit of utilitarian coolness and system, exhibiting no ebullitions of the unrestrained savage nature, but on the contrary, accompanied, as we shall see, with great self-restraint, shown under circumstances of provocation and disappointment.

"Here stood Captain Duke and myself, both witnesses of a scene which many travellers have related, and their relations have invariably been treated with contempt; indeed, the veracity of those who had the temerity to relate such incredible events has been everywhere questioned. In this instance it was no warrior's flesh to be eaten; there was no enemy's blood to drink, in order to infuriate them. They had no revenge to gratify; no plea could they make of their passions having been roused by battle, nor the excuse that they eat their enemies to perfect their triumph. This was an action of unjustifiable cannibalism. Ato, the chief, who had given orders for this cruel feast, had only the night before sold us four pigs for a few pounds of powder; so he had not even the excuse of want of food. After Captain Duke and myself had consulted with each other, we walked into the village, determining to charge Ato with his brutality.

"Ato received us in his usual manner; and his handsome open countenance could not be imagined to belong to so savage a monster as he had proved himself to be. I shuddered at beholding the unusual quantity of potatoes his slaves were preparing to eat with this infernal banquet. We talked coolly with him on the subject; for, as we could not prevent what had taken place, we were resolved to learn (if possible) the whole particulars. Ato at first tried to make us believe he knew nothing about it, and that it was only a meal for his slaves; but we had ascertained it was for himself and his favorite companions. After various endeavors to conceal the fact, Ato frankly owned that he was only waiting till the cooking was completed to partake of it. He added that, knowing the horror we Europeans held these feasts in, the natives were always most anxious to conceal them from us, and he was very angry that it had come to our knowledge; but, as he had acknowledged the fact, he had no objection to talk about it. He told us that human flesh required a greater number of hours to cook than any other; that, if not done enough, it was very tough, but when sufficiently cooked it was as tender as paper. He held in his hand a piece of paper, which he tore in illustration of his remark. He said the flesh then preparing would not be ready till next morning; but one of his sisters whispered in my ear that her brother was deceiving us, as they intended feasting at sunset.

"We inquired why and how he had murdered the poor girl. He replied, that running away from him to her own relations was her only crime. He then took us outside his village, and showed us the post to which she had been tied, and laughed to think how he had cheated her. 'For,' said he, 'I told her I intended to give her a flogging; but I fired, and shot her through the heart.' My blood ran cold at this relation, and I looked with feelings of horror at the savage while he related it. Shall I be credited when I again affirm, that he was not only a young man, but mild and gentle in his demeanour? He was a man we had admitted to our table, and was a general favorite with us all; and the poor victim to his bloody cruelty was a pretty girl of about sixteen years of age.

"After some time spent in contemplating the miserable scene before us, during which we gave full vent to the most passionate exclamations of disgust, we determined to spoil this intended feast; this resolution formed, we rose to execute it. I ran off to our beach, having Duke on guard, and collecting all the white men I could, I informed them of what had happened, and asked them if they would assist in destroying the oven, and burying the remains of the girl they consented, and each having provided

(CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.)